

## Bloomfield Citizen.

WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM A. RITSCHE, Jr.

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THE CITIZEN solicits contributions from the general public on any subject—political, religious, educational, or social—as long as they do not contain any personal attacks.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Advertisements for insertion in the current week must be in hand not later than Friday noon.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906.

## Bloomfield Avenue Crossing.

At the meeting of the Montclair Town Council on Monday night Town Attorney Goodell was instructed to take action to compel the parties interested to eliminate the Bloomfield Avenue grade crossing, and, if necessary, appeal to the State Chancellor to compel them to do so. Several months ago an agreement was made between the Lackawanna Railroad, the Public Service Corporation and the Essex Board of Freeholders to construct a viaduct over the avenue, which would raise the road over the Lackawanna tracks, at a cost of \$60,000. The Lackawanna Railroad was to pay one-half and the Public Service and the county one-fourth of the amount each. No movement has been made to do anything, and it is said the real reason is that the Lackawanna people, while making the improvement, desire to double track their road between Glen Ridge and Montclair, and want the town of Glen Ridge to pay part of the expense. The Glen Ridge Council refuses to do so, and in consequence the dangerous crossing is still in existence.

It is estimated that 7,500 people travel over that crossing every day on the trolley cars. Throughout the day and well into the night the schedule time is a car every seven minutes, and during part of the time standing room in the cars is at a premium.

## Local Option Bill.

Assemblyman Miller of Cumberland county has introduced a local option bill in the Legislature. The bill is supported by the anti-saloon league. One section of the bill provides that upon application for an election by a petition signed by not less than thirty per cent. of the legal voters of any municipality in this State as determined by the votes cast at the last previous election for members of the Assembly, the judges of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas in the county shall set a time and place, when and where he will consider said application, and if he shall decide that said applicants constitute thirty per cent. of the legal voters, he shall within ten days after the presentation of such petition, order a special election to be held in not less than thirty or more than forty days from the date of filing such petition, except that when such election is to be held in a city such election shall be held not less than fifty days or more than sixty days from date of filing such petition, to determine by ballot whether or not the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, shall be prohibited within the limits of such municipality.

## Grant Abandonment Bill.

A Morris canal abandonment bill was introduced in the Legislature on Monday night by Assemblyman Miller. The bill provides that the Lehigh Valley Company must accept the act and deposit \$25,000 with the State to pay all expenses connected with the act. The Governor then shall appoint three commissioners—confirmed by the Senate—who shall appraise the value of all the stock of the company, and the stockholders shall receive from the sale of the property such appraised value. Upon such payment the State shall be deemed to have taken the rights of the stockholders for the State.

It is provided that the Newark dock property shall go to the city for private use, the market property be preserved, and no railroad shall be operated in the canal bed between New Jersey Railroad Avenue and Bloomfield Avenue. Other details are disposed of in the same way as in the bill of last year.

## After Cheap Skooters.

Frederick Special and Frank Chaco, special deputy sheriffs in the Silver Lake section, attempted to break up a crap game in Hecker street on Sunday afternoon. A row resulted, and Special was hit in the right leg by a stone thrown by one of the gang. The two officers appeared before Justice La Fauterie of Belleville with a list of names of the players. An attempt will be made to round them up.

Rock and Rye at Snyder's. Attention is called to M. Snyder's advertisement in this issue of the CITIZEN. This is the season of bad ciders, and Mr. Snyder is providing that effectual remedy "rock and rye" at the low price of sixty-five cents per bottle. He is offering Quine's Table Port Wine for fifty cents per bottle, and Sherry Wine at thirty-five cents per bottle.—Add.

## An Inefficient Configuration.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN: Shall the law making body of the State which is convened to conserve and not to injure or destroy the great material interests of the State, wantonly use its sovereign power to strike a blow at those interests?

That serious question is presented to thoughtful men in a resolution introduced in the House of Assembly for an unrestricted inquiry, by legislative politicians, of all the financial institutions of this State. The danger lies not in an actual investigation but in the apprehensions that would instantly be excited by legislative adoption of the resolution, which would imply a serious necessity for a general overhauling of banks, trust companies, paving's banks and insurance companies.

Our financial institutions are built upon the public confidence. Shake that foundation and the edifice is endangered and deplorable results must ensue. A semi-panic created by unwise legislation would involve many millions of losses, and not the least of its victims would be the wage earner with his frugal savings. Experience teaches that.

A legislative inquisitorial committee, armed with broad powers could also use its opportunities for political purposes and to promote personal ambitions. There is no limit to the opportunities and temptations it would offer in that respect. But the great and overshadowing peril lies in the legislative endorsement of a demand for investigation unsupported by a single specific reason. The resolution pending in the Legislature needs to be extinguished. It is an inefficient configuration.

ANXIOUS.

## Library Notes.

On the principle that a good thing cannot be spoken of too often, attention is again directed to "New Creations in Plant Life," being a record of the marvelous work of Luther Burbank. Mr. Hawood writes in an easy conversational style, making the results of Mr. Burbank seem magic, and perfectly comprehensible to the average reader. He tells us that "the wonder-worker has produced more new plant-life, fruits, grasses, trees and flowers than any other man who has ever lived." The story of the development of the cactus into a thornless plant, bearing food for man and beast, is one of the most interesting chapters, and is the result of the patient work of ten years.

"The Misadventure," by Eugene F. Lyle, Jr., is a stirring tale of the time of Maximilian in Mexico, with some humor. It is interesting to note that the American invaders of 1848 sang "Green Grow the Grass" when they took the fortress of Chapultepec, since which time all Americans have been known as "Gringos."

## Mission Band Entertainment.

The Boys' Mission Band of the Congregational Church gave an entertainment in the assembly room of the Glen Ridge High School Saturday night, entitled "Old Maid's Convention." The affair was under the leadership of Agnes Sumner Gear of New York.

## Patents Issued.

Patents issued to Jerseyman and reported for the CITIZEN by Drake & Co., Solicitors of Patents, corner Broad and Market streets, Newark, N. J.: Repeating attachment for phonographs, E. L. Aiken, East Orange; climbing apparatus, H. B. Bornemann, Paterson; railway traffic controlling apparatus, C. W. Coleman, Westfield; time recording apparatus, J. L. Pollett, Summit; food regulating device for sewing machines, M. Hensel, Elizabeth; curtain fixture, P. A. Houghtaling, Newark; air lock for caissons, W. Holliday, Jersey City; the drum, T. L. Miller, South Orange; reinforcing device for concrete structures (two patents), A. S. Pierson, Marlinton; warp tension, E. Benz, Stirling; printing and folding machine, W. Scott, Plainfield; cable hanger, P. W. Borg, Englewood; typewriting machine (two patents), P. O. Stucky, Elizabeth; means for controlling the level of liquids, W. Wadsworth, Plainfield. Trade-marks—Spurs, bits, etc., August Beermann, Newark; lager beer, C. Fuhsenpan, Newark; buffed leather, P. Bieley & Son, Newark.

## Plumbing Perfection.

You cannot exercise too much caution in the selection and specifying of your plumbing fixtures. Their construction and manner of installation is of paramount importance to you if you would have good health. The reputation of "standard" porcelain enameled ware and our good fame for doing high-class work insure you plumbing of high standard. Let us estimate for you, whether you are going to build or remodel, it will pay you to examine the fixtures we have on display and get our price.

Probably you would like to know who we are. Why we are Arthur and Stanford of 547 Bloomfield Avenue, the people who have just signed the contract for a handsome new residence to be built in Williamson Avenue, Bloomfield, for Mr. Spencer Hall, also a handsome new residence to be built for Mr. Addison Bonbard in Glen Ridge, which are to have all the latest and up-to-date plumbing and steam heating installed.—Add.

## 50c. 50c to the Pacific Coast.

One-way tourist tickets to California on sale at Lackawanna Railroad office daily from February 14 to April 6, 1906. Also low rates to other Western points. Excursion tickets on sale daily to California, Old Mexico, Hot Springs, Ark., Quebec, etc. Only one change of cars to California. Quick time. Choice of routes. Dining car service is a Paris Pullman and tourist sleeping car accommodations reserved and baggage checked through to destination.

For full particulars apply to agents, or address C. P. Barrett, D. P. A., 749 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

## A New Zealand Legend.

It was a lovely afternoon in Auckland, N. Z., late in the month of November, but early in the summer of that latitude that we turned our steps for the last time toward the public library of that city.

Alcove 18 had become a homelike corner and some faces very familiar, for daily the same persons were in their usual places in search of knowledge and entertainment. Indeed, that library was very attractive, with its courtly librarian and attentive lady assistants.

During our visits there we felt, as never before, the fascination of a large collection of books, and particularly the "Grey" portion of it. The late Sir George Grey was well known in that part of the world, having been Governor of New Zealand, Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia and Cape Colony. Sir George presented this library with eight thousand books and all his valuable manuscript volumes and autograph letters from the Queen of England and David Livingstone; also Captain Cook's autograph journal of the discovery of New Zealand and "Botanists Bay" down to letters of Florence Nightingale and South African chiefs, if it may be said "down" of her.

The history of the Aborigines from the earliest times had taken up the hours of the day, their manner of living, religion, poetry, legends and love-stories, and particularly one story of Moe, who lived on Lake Rotorna and whose fame for beauty spread abroad in all the land.

In time long gone by one Wakne lived on the island of Mokola in Lake Rotorna, who had a large family of sons all his own save one, Tutaneke, who was treated by his foster father as if he were his own.

At a distance on the other side of the lake there was another village of a tribe called Owhata and there lived the beautiful Hine Moe, the daughter of Umukaria, the chief of that place.

At this time the son of Wakne had grown to be man and Hine Moe's beauty was known and talked of throughout the land, therefore these sons were pining for the lovely maiden. So Tutaneke and his friend Tike took their flutes and together went to a hill and in the calm summer night played them from this elevation above the lake and the music was borne by the soft breeze of night far over the waters of Owhata to the home of the lovely Moe. When she heard the sweet music of the flutes her heart danced within her.

Night after night the floating music was carried on the wind to her waiting ears. Once at a meeting of the tribes she had met Tutaneke, but had not yet spoken; they loved in secret. Tutaneke thought thus: "If I appear before Hine Moe she may be displeased with me." And Hine Moe had said to herself, "If I send a messenger to Tutaneke perhaps he will not care for me."

At last after many meetings at which their eyes only had spoken, Tutaneke sent a messenger to Moe; after talking with this messenger she joyfully exclaimed, "Our minds are the same!" After this they were separated for a long time without any means of communication.

It happened at a time when the family and sons of Wakne came together for a merrymaking that the foster brothers of Tutaneke said among themselves, "Who of us have paid our addresses to Hine Moe, the great beauty?" One said, "I have," another and another "I have," but Tutaneke said "I'm ahead of you all, I was the first." His brothers replied, "That is false, she wouldn't look at you, the son of a stranger with no claim to notice." Tutaneke asked his father to remember their taunting words, for he had seen Hine and they had decided that she should fly to him in her canoe when she heard the flutes at night. Wakne believed the words of his foster-son and did not forget these taunts.

Again at night the friends Tutaneke and Tike took their flutes, and in they were heard by Hine Moe far across the waters of the lake. But alas! she had no canoe. Her people supposing her intention had drawn them all high ashore. "How can I cross to Mokola?" she impatiently exclaimed. Despairingly she thought it must be given up. Then across the lake came the sweet music of Tutaneke's flute. It was like an earth-quake, quaking and agitating the young girl to fly to her lover; her mind is confused; at last she thought, "Would it be possible to swim across?" She takes six hollow gourds and fastens them around her waist to buoy her up; she stands on a rock, the night is dark, and cold that inland sea; her heart trembles but the flute plays on; she drops her outer garments and sinks into the waters of the lake. She swims toward the island till, being exhausted, she drifts with the current buoyed by the hollow gourds. Having gained fresh strength she swims again. The darkness deepens, she can see no land; her only guide the music of the flutes urging her on. At last she reaches the shore close by the home of Tutaneke.

Where Hine Moe landed there were hot springs and she immediately went into the hot water to warm herself, for she shook with cold, having crossed that sea of Rotorna in the night. She trembled so when she thought of Tutaneke.

Just at this time her lover sent his slave for water; he filled a gourd close to where Hine Moe was lying. Disregarding her voice, she asked for whom was the water, saying, "Give it to me." She drank and broke the gourd. The slave went back to his master with the story of his experience. Again he was sent, meeting with the same result. Then Tutaneke took his cloak and weapon and going to the spring, called out, "Where is the man who has broken my gourd?" Hine Moe knew by the voice that it was the heart-butterer who called so she hid under the overhanging rocks; but there was little secrecy in that hiding, it was more for modesty than a wish not to be discovered. Tutaneke soon found her crouching for bashfulness beneath the rocks. "Who is this?" he cried, "Elo I, Hine Moe." Oh, how ludicrous was that beautiful form, like a shining bronze statue as she, gracefully as a heron, rose from the water and stepped on shore! Tutaneke spread his cloak before her, she took it and put it on and thus was performed the marriage ceremony.

In the morning the people came as usual to cook their food in the hot springs. The day wore on, but Tutaneke did not come forth; his father, thinking his foster-son might be ill sent a slave to look into the little door of his house. He came back saying he had pushed up the door a little way and counted four feet walking about. "What four feet? Who can be his companion?" A second time the slave was sent and lo, it was Hine Moe who was there. He ran back saying, "Tutaneke has Hine Moe," and the tribe heard and joined exultantly in the cry, "Hine Moe, Hine Moe, Tutaneke has Hine Moe!" Tutaneke came out of his house with her and there were great rejoicings.

The descendants of Tutaneke and Hine Moe are living to this day at Rotorna and their favorite theme is the beauty of their ancestress, and how she swam the lake to her lover, hence the song—

From Hine Moe I'm descended,  
Hine Moe that fair maiden  
Who once swam the deep dark water  
There to meet her waiting lover,  
Hine Moe, the dark-eyed one,  
Hine Moe ever faithful.

This legend quite possessed our thoughts, and Moe for the time was a real person. Beautiful Moe, we could fancy her glorious eyes with their long dark lashes and her winning coquettish way of dropping them. No marvel she had so many lovers.

The library alcoves were vacant, one person after another had left and we were alone. Turning the key upon certain shelves not open to the general reader, we hastened to return them to the librarian, Moe all the while standing beside us in her native simplicity and beauty.

We avoided the shorter street which led to the "Queens" and thence to our hotel, and took the one at the foot of Albert Park, a hill made beautiful with walks, shrubbery and trees, and turned into another when led to a view of the lovely harbor. There Mt. Rangitoto grandly lifted itself out of the water just as it did centuries before, when dances came from distant islands bearing the first inhabitants, and just as it did when Hine Moe risked the waters of the inland sea to go to her lover. Was there in that savage lover's heart an appreciation of her loving daring? Did her lover look like the handsome Maori gentleman we saw on Queen's street the other day? If he did and Moe was as beautiful as she is described they must have been rare specimens indeed of nature's noble men and women.

Our musings led us down another hill street—nearly all the streets in Auckland run up or down—and then into Queen's street still feeling a nervousness to Moe of the past, when looking up we met a pair of eyes, large, brown and soft with lashes such as once shaded Moe's eyes; there was the rich olive complexion and dark wavy hair. There she is this moment! How did it happen? An exact likeness! How came she here? Is it a dream? It was but for a moment, the eyes specially had been noticed. Her mouth tattooed! What an expression it gives her! Nor was she dressed in Moe's graceful style, and wore no feathers in her hair. A skirt of bright red figured calico, a red plaid calico sacque and a broad brimmed hat made up her dress. The husband walking beside her was clad in a comfortable European suit, their child walked barefooted by his side, leading a dog by a string. The noble and beautiful vision had resolved itself into an ordinary Maori woman, who would freely smoke her pipe at home and abroad, as they all do, no matter how well educated.

Stopping by a shop window and turning to take another look, we saw a saintly faced clergyman shaking hands with them as if they were old acquaintances. As parting they shook hands again, as is their cordial custom there.

We studied for a moment the gentle, refined face of the clergyman who had stopped to speak with "Moe," and her husband. We felt assured that the love of God was abiding in his heart, because of his benignant, translucent countenance. The day dream of Hine Moe had vanished in this air, but the impression left by that more than human face, will remain forever in the heart of the stranger, who seeing as it were, one of the sons of God, passed on inspired by a spiritual kinship which no imaginative dream of an extinct period could have equalled.

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